

# Richmond Times-Dispatch

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A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

## The Need Is Not Interrupted.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone, with all its beauty and gaiety and joyous mirth. Richmond has done what it could to make the day a day of gladness throughout the city. So far as earnest seeking, inspired and urged by the Christmas spirit of fellowship, could develop, there was no one yesterday who was forced to forego all share in the day's enjoyment.

The work that is being done by the Associated Charities is not finished. The cold and the snow have added to the suffering of its beneficiaries and made their needs greater. The generosity that is spasmodic in its nature will not relieve this situation.

You have been very happy, perhaps. What will you give to-day?

## Is Thaw Worth It?

JUST glance over this list of expenses from the time Harry Thaw and his family began his fight for freedom, now a losing fight for a time, at least, by the Supreme Court's decision ruling that he must go back to New York to face the indictment charging him with conspiracy to escape from Matteawan:

First trial, 1907.....	\$200.00
Second trial, 1908.....	150.00
First hearing, 1908.....	45.00
Second hearing, 1909.....	50.00
Third hearing, 1912.....	75.00
Incidentals.....	100.00
Lawyer's expenses.....	102.00
Paid Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.....	70.00
Paid detectives.....	50.00
Expenses since escape.....	100.00
Total.....	\$923.00

Nearly a million! Can it be possible that Harry Thaw is worth it? Was Evelyn Nesbit worth it, or any part of it? In the whole miserable business, is there any evidence that a penny of all that wealth was wisely spent on a worthy subject? What would the world have lost had Thaw been convicted and executed for the murder of Stanford White? What will the world have gained if Thaw is saved and finally restored to full liberty? Is Thaw worth it?

## These Ye Have Always

DANVILLE correspondent a few days ago, in a letter to The Times-Dispatch, suggested that all the orphanages in Virginia consolidate and thus perfect the care of their charges and arouse confidence that would make raising money for institutional support relatively easy.

Here is a little story about orphans. Some years ago Texas was for a time almost babyless. A newspaper paragraph humorously published a paragraph: "Wanted, a babyless home for a homeless baby." He was flooded with demands, in good faith, from people who wanted to adopt the baby. Then he wrote another paragraph: "Wanted, a homeless baby for a babyless home." An orphan asylum away up North supplied the baby. The newspaper man had an idea. He began to make his column a medium for supplying homes for babies and babies for homes, and one year a whole trainload of homeless babies arrived from New York for the babyless homes of Texas. Today Uncle Judd Mortimer Lewis, of the Houston Post, is better known than in any other way as the man who is continually bringing homeless babies into babyless homes.

Why not empty the orphanages of Virginia, instead of coddling our brains for ways to support them? Children raised in the mass, as in institutions, never have the chance of children raised individually in homes. If every babyless home in Texas asked the asylum for a child there would not be enough orphans to supply the demand. And it is definitely fixed that there would be a better future citizenship, by long odds—possibly a lighter criminal docket, a smaller drain on public charity for almshouses, and in every way better conditions. This suggestion is thrown out merely as a "feeler." Is there any babyless home in Virginia that would be open to an orphan? And what do you who read this think of clearing out the orphanages annually by adoption, thus eliminating the necessity of a public charity institution that is so chronically out of funds?

## "To the Last Ditch"

ALTHOUGH the world is pretty well disillusioned of the glories of war, it still clings to the old terminology which gives military operations a glamour that they do not possess in this age, when land operations are usually decided by machines that are miles distant from their target, and when naval victories of importance go invariably and inevitably to the superior force.

What we have particularly in mind is the taking of Tsingtau by the allied forces of the Japanese and British. The defense of this stronghold by the Germans was advertised to be a "last-ditch" affair, the defenders

would keep their flag flying as long as there was a man or a bullet left, and all the rest of the jargon dear to the heart of those who can only understand courage as exemplified in battle. When the fortress fell not a few persons—and newspapers—in this country declared that the advertisements had been lived up to in the last particular, and much heroic ink was expended in lauding the garrison.

Now comes a correspondent for a Minneapolis paper who was present when Tsingtau fell. He is an American, and writes boldly of what he saw. He says that if the defenders had cared to hold out longer, they had both the men and the ammunition wherewith to do it. According to this witness, the Germans appear to have ceased fighting just as soon as the attacking forces had brought the fighting to relatively close quarters.

Now nobody doubts the high courage of the Germans. They have as much courage as any other nation. That they appear to think they have more does not prove that they have less. But, in addition to courage, they are not without intelligence. They demonstrated the possession of brains at Tsingtau, where they held out as long as they could, or as long as the advantages of their extremely well-fortified position made the losses in the fighting greater on the attackers than on the defenders. When the former had paid the price of getting to close quarters, the Germans surrendered, as they knew they could not gain anything but extermination by holding out any longer.

We believe it is a good thing to destroy any romantic yarn which seeks to ennoble war. There is nothing noble about the conduct of armed strife. The essential strategy of war is to crush the enemy by superior numbers; the general who can slaughter the enemy without exposing his own troops is the greatest strategist.

## Looking Through a Stone Wall

POSSIBLY on the principle that the early bird catches the worm, Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is already out with a detailed prophecy of the way the voters will mark their ballots in the far-off November of 1916. It appears that Mr. Hilles has watched the omens, consulted the seventh son of a seventh son and has gazed into the ink pool to such good effect that he is now able to assert that the Republicans are fated at the next general election to win not only the presidency and the vice-presidency, but also the House of Representatives and the Senate therewith.

It is said that among persons who spend time in "wishing" he is held to be a piker who merely wishes for a paltry hundred thousand dollars when he might without greater effort wish for fifty million. As a political wisher, Mr. Hilles is evidently no piker; he ranks with the big fellows.

Nor is this his only claim to distinction. The Republican national chairman not only looks through that impenetrable wall which separates to-day from twenty-seven months hence, and sees a G. O. P. victory on the other side, but it is to be a victory for the oldest sort of good old special-privilege Bourbon Republicanism. There is to be a return of every standpoint that ever drew the breath of life from the bellows of the "interests," those interests that have grown since mild under the present administration, but who would doubtless become as lusty as yore under the fostering care of the Hilleses. The tariff, chuckles the Republican chairman, is to be brought back to its pristine loveliness, back to that golden age when trusts flowered on every bush, when the plain citizen broke open the baby's bank so that he might pay par value for securities out of which the water has been dripping ever since. The tariff, Mr. Hilles almost foams, is as the Germans used to pledge "The Day."

But there is always the possibility that the visions Mr. Hilles has been seeing and the spoils with which he has been communing are mirages and will-of-the-wisps. He may want to believe that the people never learn, that high constructive accomplishment, such as has characterized the present administration, is less desirable to them than a restoration to the throne of that chiefest of Republican idols, Special Privilege. He may even be able to delude himself that one by voting makes a presidential election. But it does not.

## To End All Wars

THE Atlantic Monthly publishes a remarkable article on "The War and the Way Out," in which G. Lowes Dickinson, the noted English writer on international politics, holds governments as distinguished from peoples responsible for the present as for all past armed conflicts. Governing classes and castes, he says, obsessed by their false notion that a great state proves its greatness by continuous territorial growth, have so imposed themselves on plain men that the millions go to war at the bidding of the few, in a cause that the vast majority of the masses do not at all understand. Each nation thinks, and thinks sincerely, says Mr. Dickinson, that it is fighting a defensive war.

Mr. Dickinson is particularly interesting in his view of the only means that can secure the world from a repetition of the present conflagration. He holds, as do most other forward-looking men, that the conference of nations that will arrange the terms of peace will merely invite another great war a quarter of a century later if any attempt is made to "crush" any of the belligerents. The only possible lasting peace is one that rests on the universal realization that it is men and women that count, and not the "glory" of any state or empire. In effect, Mr. Dickinson goes back to the theory, dear to Americans, that government must derive its sanction from the consent of the governed. He would have Bosnia and Herzegovina and Alsace-Lorraine, for example, decide by a referendum whether they would be autonomous or join themselves with their neighbors, and so also with other conquered parts of Europe.

Above all, Mr. Dickinson, with an almost passionate eloquence, calls upon the plain men of the world not to leave the settlement of peace to the judgment of diplomats, who represent governments and not peoples, and whose arrangements inevitably tend to make additional wars a certainty. To prove that contention, all he needs to do is to point to past treaties of peace.

There is nothing startlingly new about Mr. Dickinson's arguments or conclusions, but it has the sovereign merit of stating clearly and in terms that can be generally understood what the clearest minds are thinking about the war and about the means of securing permanent peace.

That noise like a wide smile comes from paternalism as he realizes that there are no more shopping days before Christmas.

## SONGS AND SAWS

### The Day After.

Little Johnny's drum is broken,  
Little Johnny's stomach aches,  
For he ate somewhat too freely  
Of the Christmas pies and cakes.

Little Johnny's cross and tired,  
He has all that he can bear,  
So to-day he's not quite sorry  
Christmas comes but once a year.

### The Pessimist Says:

I told the boys last night that final drink we had was not going to make Christmas any happier. And this morning I feel it in my bones that beerage is not going to make to-day one bit more comfortable.

### Taking Time by the Forelock.

The portrait published herewith is that of a venerable traveler toward the fall timbers, made just following the announcement that beef soon would be 50 cents a pound and ordinary shoes, because of the high prices of hides, \$10 a pair.

### One Fine One.

She—Have you thought up any good New Year resolutions?  
He—Yes. Since I sampled some of the Christmas cigars I have decided to give up smoking.

### Hereditarily.

Fond Parent—That youngster of my mind is beginning already to betray the family traits. You know we gave him a toy watch for a Christmas present?  
Friend—Yes.

Fond Parent—Well, sir, within half an hour of time he first got hold of that timepiece he had found a bowl of water and put it in soak.

### Gentle little snowflakes.

Falling everywhere.

"My! Those flakes are pretty."

You hear the folks declare.

But when the snow starts melting

The views folk hold the matter

Will stronger be than sweet

THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

Editor Lacy, of the Halifax Gazette, who advertises the circumstance when he makes up his mind to go to church, indulges in this bit of levity: "Some people have common sense and others believe in spending money on Billy Sunday." Which demonstrates further somebody's disinclination to keep holy the William Sabbath.

"Some women who assert that they would not marry the best man in the world nevertheless wed," the Danville Register remarks, cynically, overlooking the fact that they thereby show consistency.

The war critic of the Lynchburg Advance deals frankly with the situation. He says, with no attempt at tergiversation: "The present war convinces us more thoroughly than ever that heretofore the methods of even the best generals have been very crude and simple. Like a prudent critic, he refrains from pointing out by analyses of the methods employed by those 'best generals,' wherein their generalship fails to measure up to the best standards.

"Huerta will come back. That is to say, he will return to Mexico," says the Bristol Herald-Courier. But it is not expected that his returns will ever show Huerta re-elected to the presidency.

The Harrisonburg News-Record, usually well informed, comments: "Some one has observed that the war so far has not brought a single general conspicuously into the limelight." Kitchener, nevertheless, advanced considerably toward center stage with the able assistance of one Cobb, news writer.

According to the Orange Review, "the speaker at the recent grange meeting in another town made the remark that four years of farming gives a boy quite as much mental exercise as four years' study of Latin." The speaker meant, of course, as much knowledge of Latin as the star fullback of a varsity team acquires in four years in classes.

"Will some expert calculator kindly figure out for us how long it will take the allies, if they continue to advance fifteen feet a day, to push the Germans back behind the Rhine?" the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot asks. The question is illogical. It is the Germans' front the allies are interested in pushing back.

## Current Editorial Comment

In the case of Thaw, the unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court is that the United States concluded with these words: "We regard it as too clear for lengthy discussion that Thaw should be delivered up at once. Judgment reversed." The orders were that of United States Judge Aldrich, of New Hampshire, who took jurisdiction of the Thaw case on a writ of habeas corpus and held that, as the fugitive was insane, he could not be extradited. When the Supreme Court said that the state should be delivered up at once, it meant that he should be delivered up to the State of New York. One of Thaw's lawyers, on hearing this decision, said, "It is the end," but there are other lawyers, and nothing is final with the Thaw money. Instead of preparing to obey the mandate of the highest court, various legal representatives of the Thaw millions are now planning to evade it. Unless the administration of justice is to be brought into contempt there must be acquiescence in the findings of courts of last resort. If lawyers have no respect for court decrees, where shall we look for it? If a man can't pay big fees can he have his way in spite of the highest judicial tribunals, how long will it be before mobs undertake to assert an equal right with money in defying the courts? No other profession, calling or occupation, outrages more on the subject of ethics than lawyers. No other gives less real attention to the subject matter. In all its scandals, the Thaw case is yearly becoming more and more a reproach to the legal profession. The American Bar Association can prevent the shame of it from growing indelible if it will.—New York World.

Prohibition in the States which have adopted it, has not been attended with the success in actually prohibiting the sale of liquor, which justifies the hope that it would achieve any greater success when applied by national authority. The execution of a national prohibitory law would necessitate an army of Federal functionaries and an invasion of the authority of the States which would be at least as great as those which the law was designed to correct. If this country, as a whole, shall ever be prepared to deal drastically with the liquor evil—and no one can doubt that that time will ultimately come—it will only be when the overwhelming sentiment of the people in every community where such drastic regulation is to be applied supports the law with substantial unanimity. That State has been reached, even in the communities where the experiment is being made. The problem at the present stage is one of expediency, and the solution is not going to be reached by legislation too far in advance of popular sentiment. Friends of true temperance will come to see that the failure of the amendment is not a thing to

be regretted, for its adoption would have been disastrous to the progress of a movement which is social and moral, and only to be brought to its full fruition by education and the moral development of the masses.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Defense of Nursery Rhymes

In these days of modern enlightenment, when numerous revised, improved and possibly perfect systems of education are constantly being produced and peddled, we must be working for many startling changes. By some enthusiasts the fond parent has been relegated to the position of a benevolent landlady, her main material function consisting in the providing of bed and breakfast gratis to her youthful offspring. This system doubtless has certain advantages, though to that paleolithic man still hankers after habits and customs of the dark ages of the nineteenth century it also seems to have disadvantages. There is, however, one point in the upbringing of children which old fogies like to question the progress of modern education. On Wednesday they are taken as regards nursery rhymes. They are inseparably associated with home life. Are they therefore to be relegated to the limbo of antiquated customs, along with home training, home discipline and home influence? On this matter we should like to make a determined stand: our back packed firmly against the wall, fighting, if needs be, single-handed, the contemptuous onslaughts of successive generations. No more simple, direct and workable philosophy of life has been compiled than the old, familiar nursery rhymes.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

## War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Dec. 26, 1864.)

In spite of the secrecy about the War Department, news of General Rosser's exploits in the Valley have reached us. On Wednesday the enemy's cavalry force advanced up the Valley as far as Sparta, and there they met by Rosser's cavalry. After a sharp contest the enemy fell back, leaving behind in Rosser's hands, and their dead and wounded on the field. The enemy's force of cavalry and artillery was estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000.

On Thursday last a heavy column of the enemy appeared at Jack's Shop, seven and a half miles from Gordonsville. General Lomax with his cavalry force went out to attack them, although he had an inferior force, so far as numbers were concerned, he succeeded in holding them in check. At last accounts General Lomax had the best of the fighting.

Northern papers just to hand have advised from Port Royal, S. C., up to the 21st. Up to that time Savannah had not been taken by the enemy, and no demand for the surrender of the city had been made by Sherman or any of his military officers.

General Beauregard reports to the War Department that Confederate troops of his command met a raiding party of the enemy at Pollard, Ala., and defeated them. Pollard is a railway station, the junction between the Mobile and Great Northern, and the Alabama and Florida Railroad, about seventy miles north of Mobile.

The following report of General Lee has been made public by the War Department: "General Early telegraphs me that on the 20th one division of the enemy, under General Custum, came up the Valley and two divisions, with artillery, under General Torbet, moved through Chester Gap. On the 22d General Rosser attacked Custum's division nine miles from Harrisonburg and drove it back, capturing forty prisoners and quite a quantity of stores. The same day Torbet met General Lomax near Gordonsville, and the Federals were repulsed and severely punished. Torbet is retreating and Lomax is following him up."

A large fire on the basin yesterday destroyed a quantity of Confederate government stores, mostly hay and other provender for the cavalry arm of the army. The building that took fire was a warehouse known as Walshaw's, and its contents were locally known as Walshaw's warehouse, situated on Byrd Street, between Tenth and Twelfth Streets. It was the headquarters of army officers and filled with haled hay and other provisions for the army, all of which was destroyed.

The rural extortioners who have flooded the market with turkeys, chickens, etc., and held the same at figures that only the rich could stand, have been badly left. Some of these goods are now being sold at a small profit, for which three days ago they demanded \$100.

## The Voice of the People

Would Read Employment Bureau.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—You have some very pertinent things to say with reference to making the new Employment Bureau a political machine. In filing my application with Mayor Ahlstedt I stated that I was not urged by any political faction. I do not belong to any.

I have been a citizen of Richmond for more than a quarter of a century and I have tried to be a good citizen. I have never held office in public position, but I have drawn a larger salary from private concerns than this position will pay, and I do not believe that any one who knows me, and who is not a political machine, would favor a politician in the position of the office. I am not a political machine so far as I am concerned. I believe I am the only candidate not already in the employ of the city.

I. W. THROCKMORTON.

Richmond, December 24, 1914.

## The Bright Side of Life

Badly Alimed.  
"Blinks always hits the nail on the head."  
"Yes, but usually he hits it into the wrong place."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Not True to Life.  
"What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are!"  
Mrs. Exe—I know they used to be, but to-day many of them are engraved from photographs. Exe—Well, this one can't be. Here are two women, and they are not in the same direction, both with new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other.—Kansas City Star.

An Inaccurate Report.  
While conversing with your friend of not long standing a few days ago a certain millionaire was seen to smile in his characteristic way.  
"I understand you began life as a newsboy?" observed the friend, indignantly.  
"No," replied the millionaire. "Some one has been fooling you. I began life as an infant."—Lippincott's.

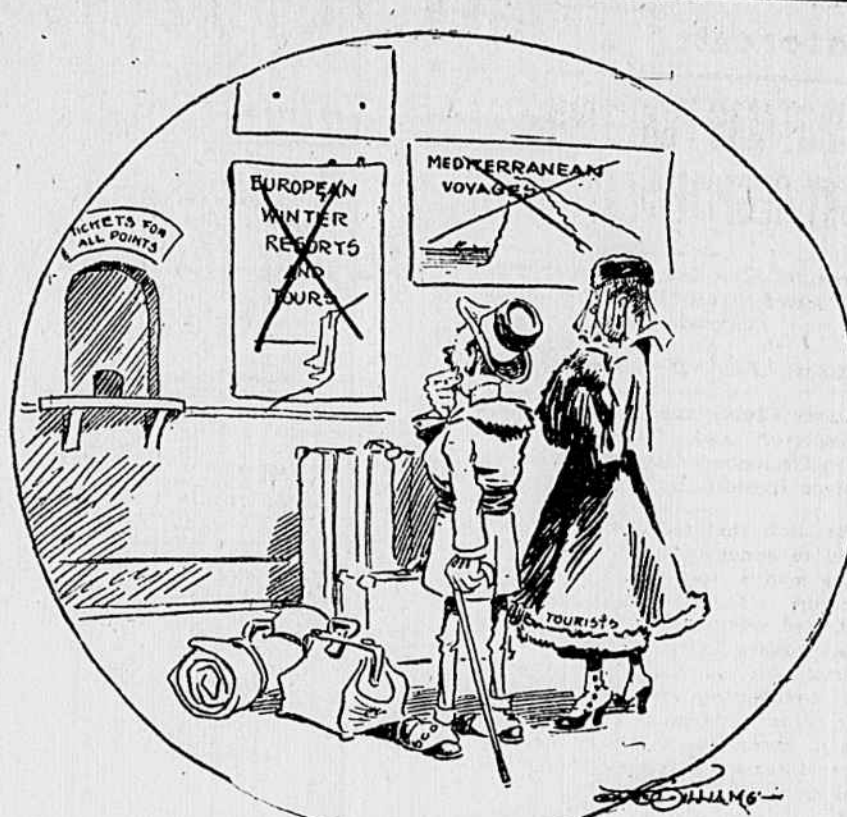
Truth in the High Road.  
Highwayman—Law! Why, I know more law than most of your lawyers!  
His Side Partner—So? Well, most lawyers have got you skinned as a highwayman.—Puck.

Working by the Day.  
A certain Chicago business man had a great deal of trouble with his workmen, a number of whom had from time to time evinced a disposition to "soldier." On one occasion, when visiting the farm of a friend in Southern Illinois, the two observed an uncouth figure standing in a distant field.  
"Since it isn't moving," observed the brother, "it must be a scarecrow."  
"That isn't a scarecrow," said the Chicagoan, after a long gaze at the figure. "That's a man working by the day."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegram.

The Remson.  
During a military review at Aldershot last summer, one of the foreign attaches had made himself obnoxious to several staff officers by asking ridiculous and often impertinent questions. At last he caught a Tartar. Turning to an infantry officer, he said:  
"How is it, comrade, that your bugle call 'advance' is no very short, while the 'retreat' is just the reverse?"  
"Because, etc.," replied the old veteran, "when a little note from a bugle is blown in advance anywhere, but it takes a whole brass band to make him retire."—London Tit-Bits.

## All Dressed Up and No Place to Go

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Indianapolis News.

## CAPTIVE VON TIRPITZ PRAISES FOES

Up in the Welsh hills, near Denbigh, on the country seat of Lady Dunderdale, Dyffryn Aled, ninety-eight German officers and thirty-seven soldiers and civilians are being held as prisoners of war. Most conspicuous among the dwellers on the seat is a typical Englishman, around which rise wild and picturesque heights that shut it in. It is Ober-Lieutenant Wolf von Tirpitz, son of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, secretary and virtual head of the German navy.

The young man is one of many German officers and men who were rescued by British seamen after the fight off Heligoland in late August. He himself was near death, being picked up by men from the cruiser Liverpool after his ship, the Mainz, had gone down. He was taken to the hospital at Liverpool, and then to the hospital at Denbigh. He is now at the hospital at Denbigh, and is being held as a prisoner of war.

P. W. Wile, of the London Daily Mail, recently paid a visit to Dyffryn Aled, and gives an entertaining account of what he saw there and how the prisoners are being treated. He describes the quarters of the prisoners, which are comfortable and well-kept. He also describes the food, which is good and plentiful. He also describes the treatment of the prisoners, which is humane and fair.

"I think I stayed in the ship as long as it was humanly possible," I certainly had no other thought than to go down with her. I assuredly did not expect to come through the awful experience with my life. But, you see, I had not reckoned fully with the kindness of our foe. I swam for my life, and was picked up by one of the officers of the cruiser Liverpool. Cutters from that ship and other ships were now busily scouring the sea in all directions, making the utmost effort to save German sailors from drowning.

"All of us were treated exactly as if we were comrades, not enemies. I am quite sure that Admiral Buxton's sailors made every possible effort to rescue our fellows. It was not the Britishers' fault that more of us were not saved. British hospitality, which began that misty August afternoon—the night was at its height about 2 P. M.—has been continued, so far as my comrades and I here at Dyffryn Aled are concerned, to this very hour.

Comfortable If Not Happy.  
"I cannot say I am exactly happy: I am a prisoner in the enemy's country. But I am sure that my comrades and I are well cared for as any man in my position has reason to expect—in fact, far more so.

"You can judge from my appearance that I am absolutely 'fit,' as the English say. You have been round the camp and know for yourself that everything is done for our comfort, convenience and happiness, which is compatible with our surroundings. I am fond of the violin, and one of my first purchases here was an instrument. How to pass the time, you see, is our greatest hardship.

"I hadn't been in England long before I began to get convincing evidence that though the British people are at war with us, they remember that, as far as many relationships in the two navies are concerned, they are fighting old friends.

"At Kiel, in the last week of June, we had a fine English squadron visiting us. I was often in the Southampton and Birmingham—the latter was to help sink us at Heligoland nine weeks later—and I became well acquainted with Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender and one of his flag officers, Lieutenant Buxton. Among the first letters I received in England, after my capture, were from the Vice-Admiral, Warrender and Lieutenant Buxton, offering to send me money, clothes or anything else I needed. But my allowance here is quite sufficient to take care of all my urgent needs."

## On the Conditions of Peace.

(New York World.)  
In the main the question of Alsace-Lorraine affects only France directly. Belgium's future concerns all three allies alike. But the strongest tie that binds the allies to a united policy is the fixed conviction that German militarism must be ended or that they themselves will be ended.

## The Republic Survives.

(Philadelphia Press.)  
If the history of the United States is not sufficient to prove to the world that a republic is able to survive the varying fortunes of war, France has proved it nobly. It is the only republic engaged in this war, yet it has proved second to none in eagerness of purpose, in resourcefulness and in courage.

## A Page in the Annals of Liberty.

(New York Herald.)  
Uttered at the opening session of the war Parliament of France, the battle cry of the republic was eloquently voiced by M. Viviani in a terrific arraignment of Germany and German war and at the same time is a declaration of freedom that will live long in the annals of liberty throughout the earth.

## Not a Holy War.

(Port Arthur News.)  
A Kansas editor is of the opinion that if the Turks are really desirous of engaging in a holy war, they had better stay out of this one, which does not come up to that specification.